The Artist and the Cat - Chapter 1

One evening somewhere in the United States, Rita is walking down the sidewalk with her best friend Runt following close behind. She sings a rather melancholy tune while he intently listens. He notices his friend wiping a tear from her eyes and starts to worry about her.

Runt: "Rita, are you crying?"

Rita: "No, I'm not crying. Just getting something out of my eye, that's all..."

Runt: "You look depressed. Definitely, definitely depressed."

Rita: "It's just that we've been searching for a place to live for so long. It really does bum me out sometimes..."

Suddenly, Rita notices a human standing next to a bridge looking into the water below.

Rita: "What is he doing? I've got to stop him before he does the unthinkable!"

Runt: "Wait up, Rita!"

Panic-stricken, Rita dashes off towards the bridge. The last thing she wanted on her mind was failing to stop the man from jumping. Unbeknownst to her, the man was a college-aged artist who was only studying the movement and ripples of the water for painting ideas.

Artist: "I could stand here for hours and get some great ideas for my next pieces."

Suddenly, the artist felt a tugging on his sleeve from two soft paws followed by a sad sounding meow.

Artist: "What's this? What are you doing here, sweetheart?"

Rita: "I'm trying to stop you from jumping off the bridge and ending your life. How could you think of doing such a thing?"

Artist: "I wasn't planning to jump... I'm simply here to get ideas for future paintings. You see, I happen to be an artist."

Rita breathed a huge sigh of relief.

Rita: "Oh, thank God. I already had a pretty rotten night and didn't want it to get worse."

Artist: "Really? What happened to you?"

Rita: "It's a long story..."

Artist: "Say no more. I won't pry into your private life."

Rita: "Anyway... It's pretty late. Don't you have a place to live?"

Artist: "I live in a house not too far from here all by myself. I'm not married and never had a girlfriend before. They all think I'm ugly and unattractive..."

Rita: "Aww... Don't say that. I like you. We cats are not that judgmental of humans' appearances. As long as we're fed and taken care of, we don't care what a human looks like."

Artist: "Say... I do have plenty of room in my house. How would you like to live with me?"

Rita: "For real? I can live with you?"

Artist: "Sure! You could even be my art model. All you have to do is pose for a few minutes at a time and then I can draw you."

Rita: "Sounds like a deal!"

Runt caught up with Rita and was barking happily.

Artist: "Hey! Who is this friendly fellow?"

Rita: "His name is Runt. He goes with me. That's not a problem is it?"

Artist: "Of course not! The more the merrier. By the way, I didn't catch your name."

Rita: "Oh, how foolish of me... My name's Rita. What's yours, human?"

The artist whispers his real name into Rita's ear and tells her that she could call him "Mr. Artist" if she liked.

Rita: "Okay, Mr. Artist. Off to our new home!"

Artist: "All right. You'll enjoy living with me from now on."

Rita: "Carry me..."

Artist: "Sure thing, Rita! Let's go to your new home."

The artist carries Rita back to his home with Runt happily following close behind. The contented kitty purrs as her stressful night finally ended on a good note.